SINCE LIFE IS FLEET.

Fill the swift years full, my dear,
Since life is fleet;
Love, and hold Love fast, my dear,
He is so sweet;
Sweetest, dearest, fleetest comer,
Fledgling of the sudden summer.

Love, but not too well, my dear;
When skies are gray,
And the autumn winds are here,
Love will away;
Fleetest, vaguest, farthest rover,
When the summer's warmth is over.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

A CRITICAL MAID.

I.

The lecture was just over. We four girls, the lectured, were standing, note-book in hand, in a little group in the corridor, talking in subdued tones, consulting one another on a knotty point in the history of Grand Jury. The lecturer came out of the lecture-room and passed on. He bowed gravely as he passed, and went hastily down the stairs, his college cap in his hand, his long gown falling limply about his tall, thin figure. We were silent until he was out of sight, then our tongues were loosed, and we no longer spoke in subdued tones.

"Poor young man!" said Lottie, feelingly.

"He is as grave as a judge," said Nell.

"That," said Claudia, weightily, "is nervousness. He is nervous, girls—nervous of us."

But it was I who had most to say. I leant against the balusters, with my face toward the open door of the lecture-room, and gave the girls the benefit of all my observations.

"Yes, he is nervous," I said. "Poor young man, he is shy! When I asked him if the grand jury still existed, he blushed, girls—oh, he is copper-colored to start with, I know, but he blushed through the copper-color——"

"For your ignorance, perhaps," suggested Claudia.

"He is very shy," said I "He is not used, I expect, to teaching girls. He cannot forget that we are girls. He waited, did you notice? until we had left the room; the other lecturers stalk out before us. I think he wanted to open the door for us and to bow us out. Oh, poor young man, he is shy—shy and young——"

The girls were frowning at me. Claudia was touching my elbow, with mysterious meaning, on one side, Nell pulling my sleeve imperatively on the other. Lottie formed her lips into a silent "hush."

"Shy and young—very young!—what is the matter?" I asked.

Nobody answered me. No answer, indeed, was needed. At that moment our lecturer passed us again and went back into the lecture-room. He had come up the stairs behind me—he must have heard me. He seemed to glance my way as he passed. There seemed to be a twinkle in his gray-blue eyes. The girls moved slowly away, but I turned precipitately and fled. Past the lecture-room door, along the corridor, up stairs I fled to my own little room. I stood before my glass and changed my dress for dinner and grew rosy red as the remembrance of my words came back. I had said that he had blushed because I spoke to him—I had said that he was shy—I had implied that he was shy of me because I was a girl. I should never dare speak to him or look at him again! I had called him copper-colored—at least. I might have spared him that reproach. I looked in the glass at my own little face; it was brown as a berry—brown by nature in the first place and made more brown by the summer sun and the breeze from the sea at home. His eyes were blue and his hair was fair. I was altogether brown—hair, eyes, skin, all brown alike. And I had called him copper-colored!—I had called him young!—what else had I called him? I brushed back my brown hair tightly and severely, tied my soft silk sash with a jerk, and ran down to dinner with a rush, hoping to escape from my thoughts again. Perhaps, after all, I thought, trying to comfort myself, he had not heard me.

Our lecturer had stated that on Saturday afternoon he would be pleased to go through our papers with us, to discuss points of interest, explain difficulties, and remove possible misconception. We were to go to him singly.

Saturday came. The girls were cheerful. "Go first, Cis," they said, "go first and get it over."

"Miss Chrystal?" he said.

"Yes," I said, meekly.

He touched a chair that stood beside his at the table, and I sat down with a feeling of obedience. His face was grave, his manner severe; I wondered how I could have thought him nervous; He looked as though he had never blushed; he seemed quite unaffected by the consciousness that his pupil was a girl. He seated himself beside me, and drew a corrected exercise toward him.

"This, I think, is your paper, Miss Chrystal."

"Yes," I said, in a small voice—"I think so, Mr. Tudor."

He was turning the pages slowly and gravely. I sat looking down at my hands folded meekly on the table, and did not see his face.

"Your answer is—is inadequate."

"The first part of Stubbs is—is very difficult," I said, venturing to look up.

There was a strange, quick little twinkle for a moment in his eyes as he glanced at me; but his lips did not smile.

"In the next question," he said slowly, you confuse, or seem to confuse, two things, the constitutions and the Assize of Clarendon—a slip, perhaps?"

He was looking steadily and calmly at me, waiting. For the first time in my life I felt small and young and meek. I forgot that I was 19 and no longer a school girl. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own ignorance. "No, it was not a slip," I said. "Constitutional history is quite new to me."

"So I had gathered from your paper," he said, quietly.

His very gravity and quietness seemed like bitterest satire. He said he did not grasp my theory here—did not follow my argument there. And I had no theory—I could not follow my own argument. He grew more grave and quiet and slow. The lump in my throat grew larger every moment. If I had been brought up in a family of girls I should have burst into tears before him. I sat still and looked at my own brown fingers clasping one another and answered briefly.

At last he pushed back his chair a little and gave me my paper folded.

"You will have to read very steadily, Miss Chrystal. The rest of the class are far ahead of you."

"Yes, yes—I know," I said.

"Your style is clear," he said. "When you deal with subjects within your grasp—when you do not get out of your depth—your style is clear, decidedly. Not an altogether historical style, but lucid."

I felt that, on the whole, his blame had been less humiliating than his praise. He held open the door for me and shook hands gravely with a quiet smile.

"Good afternoon," he said.

"Good afternoon," I replied, and fled.

The girls had invaded my study and were lazily stretched on my bed and window seat rug, waiting for me.

"Well?" they said.

I sat down beside Claudia on the hearthrug and tore my corrected paper into small atoms and burnt them.

"I hate him," I said, poking the fire vigorously and pushing the smouldering paper into the flames. "I hate him! He thinks me conceited! He thinks me horrid! He tries to be satirical because he thinks me puffed up."

And there I forgot I belonged to a family of boys where no one ever wept, and burst into sudden tears; and Claudia, Nell and Lottie fell to comforting me.

II.

As the week went on I grew more and more convinced that I hated, and always should hate, Mr. Tudor—that he thought me young, ignorant, stupid, flippant, spoilt and conceited; that he despised my intellect, remembered my foolish speeches, and always would remember them.

But the bad half hour in my week was on Saturday afternoons when I went alone to him, and sat by his side while he spread out that week's history paper of mine before him and commenced on its faults and required an explanation of its ambiguities, and waited patiently with most courteous attention for my answers.

It was Saturday afternoon, in the middle of the term. I sat beside him at the table, listening meekly to his criticisms.

"You miss the point here, Miss Chrystal."

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"And here you speak of impeachment as though it were procedure by bill."

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"That is a somewhat grave mistake."

I could not acquiesce again. And the monosyllabic "Yes" was the only form of answer that came to me.

"And here, I think, you were required to discuss the constitutional importance of these events?"

"Yes, Mr. Tudor."

"You have not done so, Miss Chrystal."

"No—I am afraid not—I am afraid not."

"You mistook the question, possibly?"

He was looking gravely at me, waiting. My spoken answer, like my written answer, was not very much to the point. I spoke desperately.

"What is the good of it all?" I said. "What does it matter about the judicial system, and who has the control of taxation?" What does it matter about the parliament and the courts and all the dull old laws? One can't really care for the constitution."

I had time while he surveyed me to feel ashamed of my babyish, passionate speech.

"What made you think of devoting yourself to the study of constitutional history?" he said, with gentle surprise. His gentleness seemed like satire. My eyes, in spite of myself, suddenly filled with tears. Suddenly he looked away from me. He asked no more questions. For the next five minutes he talked rapidly, without a pause. When I resolutely blinked my tears and glanced at him he was diligently disfiguring my history paper with crooked circles, and his face was less brown than ruddy.

After that day his eyes ceased to twinkle when he looked at me; he passed me over in the class, and put the puzzling questions to Nell and Claudia, and was almost gentle when I went alone to him.

It was only at the end of the term that he set aside his perfunctory tutor manner.

"Are you going home, Miss Chrystal?" he asked me, hesitatingly.

"Yes. Not at once, though. For a week or two I am going to stay with Claudia—Miss Harrison—I mean. Then she will come home with me."

"I may be spending my holidays near you. Perhaps—possibly—we may meet each other."

III.

But Claudia was sympathetic when we arrived at Axetown East. In a short fortnight Mr. Tudor had made great strides toward friendship with all at home. He had found favor with father and the boys; his hotel was comfortless, and he deserted it frequently. He came and went at all hours, laughed with the boys and talked sensibly like an old friend with father.

It was still a warm summer evening a day or two after our arrival. We were in the drawing-room down stairs, and the French windows were open wide. Father was showing Mr. Tudor some views of places abroad where he had been stationed at different times. Suddenly, on the still air, came a voice from the garden. Claudia was coming up the path with my brother George.

"And that is the story," she said. "It doesn't seem quiet a modest thing to say a man blushes when you speak to him. Poor Cis! She has never been happy in his presence since. He will spoil her holidays. We try to praise him sometimes, but as for Cis she will never say anything good of him. She really dislikes him now."

"That's a pity," said George, "for Tudor—poor beggar—is in love with her."

I do not think father had heard; he was engrossed in photographs of China. I did not venture to look at Mr. Tudor. I do not think he looked at me. But an anecdote which father was relating was new to us when he told it again next day.

It was an hour or two later that we found ourselves alone together. But George's words were wringing in my brain still. It seemed natural, now that we were alone, that he should go back at once straight to those words.

"It is true," he said gently, "I did not mean to tell you yet. I meant to try to win your love first."

I did not speak. He was standing near me by the open window, and he took my hand and let it rest in his.

"Do I spoil your holidays?" he asked, gravely. "Are you unhappy, as your friend says, because I am here?"

I hesitated for a moment. "I do not think that Claudia knows," I answered.

"Cicely, I am very bold," he said, eagerly—"very bold to speak to you now so soon. If I make you unhappy I will go. If I have no chance—no chance at all—tell me, Cicely, and send me away."

But I said nothing.

"Send me away now," he said pleadingly.

I looked up at him. I could think of no proper answer. "I do not want to send you away," I said.—Belgravia.

Marvels of Brussels.

The finest of all lace is Brussels. Belgium is the lace-makers' chosen home. One-fortieth of the whole population is engaged in it. The government supports 900 lace schools, to which children are sent as young as 5 years. By the time they are 10 they are self-supporting. Brussels is a pillow lace. Indeed Barbara Littman, the inventor of pillow lace, lived and died there.

The pattern, drawn upon parchment, is fixed firmly to the pillow, pins are stuck along the outlines and to them the lace is woven by crossing and twisting the threads, each of which ends in a bobbin. Lace two inches wide requires two or three hundred bobbins. A piece six inches has sometime as many as a thousand. The thread is hand-spun from the best Brabant flax in damp, dark cellars, whose one ray of light falls on the spinner's hand.

Naturally spinning is very unhealthy, and experts get high wages. The best yarn from a single pound of flax fetches over $3,000. For filling flowers and leaves fine soft cotton is used. Grounds, too, are often made of it. Elaborate patterns are made in sections and joined together by the most skillful workers of all. As the lace is never washed before it is sold the most exquisite neatness is requisite in everything connected with it. Still, as months are consumed in making very handsome pieces, the work turns dingy in spite of the lace-worker's best efforts. To remedy that it is sometimes dusted with white lead in powder, and turns dark at contact with gas or sulphur in a way to exasperate the wearer.

Petrified Walls of Houses.

A gentleman who has just returned from a visit to the mountains in the vicinity of Crawfish Springs, now Chickamauga, and who has devoted considerable time to the study of archæology, has much to say of the wonders and beauties of that section.

"Few are aware," says he, "that high up on Pigeon Mountain, which joins Lookout in making McLemore's Cove, there is a strange and beautiful formation of stone and rock strikingly resembling ancient buildings in process of decay. Many perfect petrifactions are found on the mountains, and one can readily imagine that the stony, rigid remains, which the credulous mountaineers call the Rock City, are the petrified walls of houses which once echoed to the voice and tread of man—the simulacher of a ruined city."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Boy's Composition.

The kokonuts is a native of the tropik. It gros onto trees and is good to eat. Billy Brown's uncle is a vessil kaptain, and one time he fetched Billy a hole lot of kokonuts from Wes' Ingies. Hit tuck us a hole week to eat 'em up.

Wot Billy and me wants to no is how doz the milk git inside the kokonut. Does the kokonut gro round the milk or does the milk leke in from the outside, and if so wot fur? Kokonut py is my favorite, but Billy likes kokonut candy best.—Youth's Companion

"Blessed is the Peacemaker."

Fond mother—"And so you made Tommy and Willie stop fighting, did you? I am glad to see that my little boy is a peacemaker. What did mamma's joy do to separate them?"

Mamma's Joy—"Well, it was this way: Tommy was gettin' licked, so I just sailed in an' pasted Billy one in jaw; and when I got through with him, he didn't feel much like stoppin' an' havin' it out with Tommy.—Puck.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

PART I.

TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"That is nonsense; I am not a genius, and you must forgive me for my rudeness," said Carriston, simply.

After walking some distance in silence he spoke again. "I wish when you are with me you would try and stop me from getting into that state. It does me no good."

Seeing he was in earnest I promised to do my best, and was curious enough to ask him whither his thoughts wandered during those abstracted moments.

"I can scarcely tell you," he said. Presently he asked, speaking with hesitation, "I suppose you never feel that under certain circumstances—circumstances which you cannot explain—you might be able to see things which are invisible to others?"

"To see things. What things?"

"Things, as I said, which no one else can see. You must know there are people who possess this power."

"I know that certain people have asserted they possess what they call second sight; but the assertion is too absurd to waste time in refuting."

"Yet," said Carriston dreamily, "I know that if I did not strive to avoid it some such power would come to me."

"You are too ridiculous, Carriston," I said. "Some people see what others don't because they have longer sight. You may, of course, imagine anything. But your eyes—handsome eyes they are, too—contain certain properties, known as humors and lenses, therefore in order to see——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carriston; "I know exactly all you are going to say. You, a man of science, ridicule everything which breaks what you are pleased to call the law of Nature. Yet take all the unaccountable tales told. Nine hundred and ninety-nine you expose to scorn or throw grave doubt upon, yet the thousandth rests on evidence which cannot be upset or disputed. The possibility of that one proves the possibility of all."

"Not at all; but enough for your argument," I said, amused at the boy's wild talk.

"You doctors," he continued with that delicious air of superiority so often assumed by laymen when they are in good health, "put too much to the credit of diseased imagination."

"No doubt; it's a convenient shelf on which to put a difficulty. But go on."

"The body is your province, yet you can't explain why a cataleptic patient should hear a watch tick when it is placed against his foot."

"Nor you; nor any one. But perhaps it may aid you to get rid of your rubbishing theories if I tell you that catalepsy, as you understand it, is a disease not known to us; in fact; it does not exist."

He seemed crestfallen at hearing this. "But what do you want to prove?" I asked. "What have you yourself seen?"

"Nothing, I tell you. And I pray I may never see anything."

After this he seemed inclined to shirk the subject, but I pinned him to it. I was really anxious to get at the true state of his mind. In answer to the leading questions with which I plied him, Carriston revealed an amount of superstition which seemed utterly childish and out of place beside the intellectual faculties which he undoubtedly possessed. So much so, that at last I felt more inclined to laugh at than to argue with him.

Yet I was not altogether amused by his talk. His wild arguments and wilder beliefs made me fancy there must be a weak spot somewhere in his brain—even made me fear lest his end might be madness. The thought made me sad; for, with the exception of the eccentricities which I have mentioned, I reckoned Carriston the pleasantest friend I had ever made. His amiable nature, his good looks, and perfect breeding had endeared the young man to me; so much so that I resolved, during the remainder of the time we should spend together, to do all I could toward talking the nonsense out of him.

My efforts were unavailing. I kept a sharp look-out upon him, and let him fall into no more mysterious reveries; but the curious idea that he possessed, or could possess, some gift above human nature, was too firmly rooted to be displaced. On all other subjects he argued fairly and was open to reason. On this one point he was immovable. When I could get him to notice my attacks at all, his answer was:

"You doctors, clever as you are with the body, know as little of psychology as you did three thousand years ago."

When the time came for me to fold up my easel and return to the drudgery of life, I parted from Carriston with much regret. One of those solemn, but often broken, promises to join together next year in another sketching tour passed between us. Then I went back to London, and during the subsequent months, although I saw nothing of him, I often thought of my friend of the autumn.

III.

In the spring of 1885 I went down to Bournemouth to see, for the last time, an old friend who was dying of consumption. During a great part of the journey down I had for a traveling companion a well-dressed gentlemanly man of about forty years of age. We were alone in the compartment, and after interchanging some small civilities, such as the barter of newspapers, slid into conversation. My fellow traveler seemed to be an intellectual man, and well posted up in the doings of the day. He talked fluently and easily on various topics, and judging by his talk must have moved in good society. Although I fancied his features bore traces of hard living and dissipation, he was not unprepossessing in appearance. The greatest faults in his face were the remarkable thinness of the lips, and his eyes being a shade closer together than one cares to see. With a casual acquaintance such peculiarities are of little moment, but for my part I should not choose for a friend one who possessed them without due trial and searching proof.

At this time the English public were much interested in an important will case which was then being tried. The reversion to a vast sum of money depended upon the testator's sanity or insanity. Like most other people we duly discussed the matter. I suppose, from some of my remarks, my companion understood that I was a doctor. He asked me a good many technical questions, and I described several curious cases of mania which had come under my notice. He seemed greatly interested in the subject.

"You must sometimes find it hard to say where sanity ends and insanity begins," he said thoughtfully.

"Yes. The boundary line is in some instances hard to define. To give in such a dubious case an opinion which would satisfy myself I should want to have known the patient at the time he was considered quite sane."

"To mark the difference?"

"Exactly. And to know the bent of the character. For instance, there is a friend of mine. He was perfectly sane when last I saw him, but for all I know he may have made great progress the other way in the interval."

Then without mentioning . . . dates, or places, I described Carriston's peculiar disposition to my intelligent listener. He heard me with rapt interest.

"You predict he will go mad?" he said.

"Certainly not. Unless anything unforeseen arises he will probably live and die as sane as you or I."

"Why do you fear for him, then?"

"For this reason. I think that any sudden emotion—violent grief, for instance—any unexpected and crushing blow—might at once disturb the balance of his mind. Let his life run on in an even groove, and all will be well with him."

My companion was silent for a few moments.

"Did you mention your friend's name?" he asked.

I laughed. "Doctors never give names when they quote cases."

At the next station my companion left the train. He bade me a polite adieu, and thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him. After wondering what station in life he occupied I dismissed him from my mind, as one who had crossed my path for a short time and would probably never cross it again.

Although I did not see Charles Carriston I received several letters from him during the course of the year. He had not forgotten our undertaking to pass my next holiday together. Early in the autumn, just as I was beginning to long with a passionate longing for open air and blue skies, a letter came from Carriston. He was now, he said, roughing it in the Western Highlands. He reminded me of last year's promise. Could I get away from work now? Would I join him? If I did not care to visit Scotland, would I suggest some other place where he could join me? Still, the scenery by which he was now surrounded was superb and the accommodation he had secured, if not luxurious, fairly comfortable. He thought we could not do better. A postscript to his letter asked me to address him as Cecil Carr, not Charles Carriston. He had a reason for changing his name—a foolish reason I should no doubt call it. When we met he would let me know it.

This letter at once decided me to accept his invitation. In a week's time my arrangements for leave of absence were complete, and I was speeding northward in the highest spirits, and well equipped with everything necessary for my favorite holiday pursuit. I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to again meeting Carriston. I found him at Callendar waiting for me. The coach did not follow the route we were obliged to take in order to reach the somewhat unfrequented part of the country in which our tent was pitched, so my friend had secured the services of a primitive vehicle and a strong shaggy pony to bear us the remainder of the journey.

So soon as our first hearty greetings were over I proceeded to ascertain how the last year had treated Carriston. I was both delighted and astonished at the great change for the better which had taken place in his manner no less than his appearance. He looked far more robust; he seemed happier, brighter—altogether more like ordinary humanity. Not only had he greeted me with almost boisterous glee, but during our drive through the wonderful scenery he was in the gayest of spirits and full of fun and anecdote. I congratulated him heartily upon the marked improvement in his health, both mentally and physically.

"Yes, I am much better," he said. "I followed a part of your advice—gave up moping, tried constant change of scene, interested myself in many more things. I am quite a different man."

"No supernatural visitations?" I asked, anxious to learn that his cure in that direction was complete.

His face fell. He hesitated a second before answering.

"No—not now," he said. "I fought against the strange feeling, and I believe have got rid of it—at least I hope so."

I said no more on the subject. Carriston plunged into a series of vivid and mimetic descriptions of the varieties of Scotch character which he had met with during his stay. He depicted his experiences so amusingly that I laughed heartily for many a mile.

"But why the change in your name?" I asked, when he paused for a moment in his merry talk.

He blushed, and looked rather ashamed. "I scarcely like to tell you; you will think my reason so absurd."

"Never mind. I don't judge you by the ordinary standard."

"Well, the fact is, my cousin is also in Scotland. I feared if I gave my true name at the hotel at which I stayed on my way here, he might perchance see it, and look me up in these wild regions."

"Well, and what if he did?"

"I can't tell you. I hate to know I feel like it. But I have always, perhaps without cause, been afraid of him—and this place is horribly lonely."

Now that I understood the meaning of his words, I thought the boy must be joking; but the grave look on his face showed he was never further from merriment.

"Why, Carriston," I cried, "you are positively ridiculous about your cousin. You can't think the man wants to murder you."

"I don't know what I think. I am saying things to you which I ought not to say; but every time I meet him I feel he hates me, and wishes me out of the world."

"Between wishing and doing there is a great difference. I daresay all this is fancy on your part."

"Perhaps so. Any way, Cecil Carr is as good a name up here as Charles Carriston, so please humor my whim and say no more about it."

As it made no difference to me what name he chose to call himself I dropped the subject. I knew of old that some of his strange prejudices were proof against anything I could do to remove them.

At last we reached our temporary abode. It was a substantial, low-built house, owned and inhabited by a thrifty middle-aged widow, who, although well-to-do so far as the simple ideas of her neighbors went, was nevertheless always willing to add to her resources by accommodating such stray tourists as wished to bury themselves for a day or two in solitude, or artists who, like ourselves, preferred to enjoy the beauties of Nature undisturbed by the usual ebbing and flowing stream of sightseers.

As Carriston asserted, the accommodation, if homely, was good enough for two single men; the fare was plentiful, and our rooms were the picture of cleanliness. After a cursory inspection I felt sure that I could for a few weeks make myself very happy in these quarters.

I had not been twenty-four hours in the house before I found out one reason for the great change for the better in Charles Carriston's demeanor; knew why his step was lighter, his eye brighter, his voice gayer, and his whole bearing altered. Whether the reason was a subject for congratulation or not I could not as yet say.

The boy was in love; in love as only a passionate, romantic, imaginative nature can be; and even then only once in a lifetime. Heedless, headstrong, impulsive, and entirely his own master, he had given his very heart and soul into the keeping of a woman.

IV.

That a man of Carriston's rank, breeding and refinement should meet his fate within the walls of a lonely farm-house, beyond the Trossachs, seems incredible. One would scarcely expect to find among such humble surroundings a wife suitable to a man of his stamp. And yet when I saw the woman who had won him I neither wondered at the conquest nor did I blame him for weakness.

I made the great discovery on the morning after my arrival. Eager to taste the freshness of the morning air, I rose betimes and went for a short stroll. I returned, and whilst standing at the door of the house, was positively startled by the beauty of a girl who passed me and entered, as if she were a regular inhabitant of the place. Not a rosy Scotch lassie, such as one would expect to find indigenous to the soil; but a slim, graceful girl, with delicate classical features. A girl with a mass of knotted light hair, yet with the apparent anomaly, dark eyes, eyelashes, and eyebrows—a combination which, to my mind, makes a style of beauty rare, irresistible, and dangerous above all others. The features which filled the exquisite oval of her face were refined and faultless. Her complexion was pale, but its pallor in no way suggested anything save perfect health. To cut my enthusiastic description short, I may at once say it has never been my good fortune to cast my eyes on a lovelier creature than this young girl.

Although her dress was of the plainest and simplest description, no one could have mistaken her for a servant; and much as I admire the bonny, healthy Scotch country lassie, I felt sure that mountain air had never reared a being of this ethereally beautiful type. As she passed me I raised my hat instinctively. She gracefully bent her golden head, and bade me a quiet but unembarrassed good-morning. My eyes followed her until she vanished at the end of the dark passage which led to the back of the house.

Even during the brief glimpse I enjoyed of this fair unknown a strange idea occurred to me. There was a remarkable likeness between her delicate features and those, scarcely less delicate, of Carriston. This resemblance may have added to the interest the girl's appearance awoke in my mind. Anyway I entered our sitting-room and, a prey to curiosity and, perhaps, hunger, awaited with much impatience the appearance of Carriston—and breakfast.

The former arrived first. Generally speaking he was afoot long before I was, but this morning we had reversed the usual order of things. As soon as I saw him I cried—

"Carriston, tell me at once who is the lovely girl I met outside. An angel with dark eyes and golden hair. Is she staying here like ourselves?"

A look of pleasure flashed into his eyes—a look which pretty well told me everything. Nevertheless he answered as carelessly as if such lovely young women were as common to the mountain side as rocks and brambles.

"I expect you mean Miss Rowan; a niece of our worthy landlady. She lives with her."

"She cannot be Scotch with such a face and eyes."

"Half and half. Her father was called an Englishman; but was, I believe, of French extraction. They say the name was originally Rohan."

Carriston seemed to have made close inquiries as to Miss Rowan's parentage.

"But what brings her here?" I asked.

"She has nowhere else to go. Rowan was an artist. He married a sister of our hostess', and bore her away from her native land. Some years ago she died, leaving this one daughter. Last year the father died, penniless, they tell me, so the girl has since then lived with her only relative, her aunt."

"Well," I said, "as you seem to know all about her, you can introduce me by and by."

"With the greatest pleasure, if Miss Rowan permits," said Carriston. I was glad to hear him give the conditional promise with as much respect to the lady's wishes as if she had been a duchess.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Modern Topical Songs.

The basis of a music hall song is some familiar tripping expression, to which is fitted a situation, as it were, on which, by way of surprise, is hung the sentiment. It might be that the line has suggested itself,

I always come home to tea!

where there is certainly little pregnancy of wit, familiar and ordinary, too, and still less inspiration. But, mark, would I have the rollicking life of a true man of pleasure—after the music hall ideal, that is—I must devote my days and nights to enjoyment, and, though a married man, take a young lady to Barnum's show, not returning till the very small hours. Then, of course, I am very abruptly confronted with my wife! And it may be again said that these little outings are understood to be comparatively harmless, not involving culpability, and compatible with compensality; to be "caught" seems the offense. "Oh, you!" (this is spoken). "Where have you been?" "My dear." I say, "you know that——"

This is cue for the orchestra, which lifts us all off into the burden, very sly and soft at first, with an air of innocence. "For you know that

"I always come home to tea
Whenever I'm out on a spree,
And if I'm late I catch it from Kate,
So—I always come home to tea."

It is de rigeur to repeat this to the full chorus, or noise, of the whole house, while I walk backward and forward as if on parade. Then we come to the last verse, when I am taken by "the bobby," and next morning brought before the beak. "Take him away," says His Worship (this spoken). "Give him twenty-four hours off his head, or a month 'hard,' without the option of a fine." "And so, you see,

"I didn't come home to tea,
Though my wife was waiting for me:
And if ever again I go out on the spree,
P'raps 'twould be better to come home to tea."

Chorus as before, often three times over. And here a striking piece of pantomime. The singer suspends his own music, and affects to be listening roguishly to the audience, now beating time, now moving his lips comically as if uttering the words, now joining in for a bar or so, and expressing real enthusiasm at the exertions of his friends.

Singular Fatality.

A southern exchange narrates how Richard Pugh, colored, met death by a singular mishap. Discovering a big rattlesnake under his bed he seized a cudgel and attacked the intruder. In the fight Pugh struck a loaded gun in the corner of the room. The gun was knocked down, thereby being discharged, the whole load entering Pugh's body just above the hips. He died within an hour.

Rutgers College sophomores issued an order that their boots must be blacked by the freshmen. The latter collected the footgear and smeared the leather generously with green paint.